

about droplets of water  
down in her halter,

& she takes off her cap,  
shaking her hair,

& says, I kept falling off,  
looking away,

as a loon laughs  
across the bay.

All the beams  
above the bed

are rough sawn  
excepting one

which seems  
to be factory planed.

I say to myself,  
next time I get up

I will touch it  
to feel its smoothness.

I have yet to do this  
so I have something else

to look forward to.

-- Dudley Laufman

Canterbury, New Hampshire

### Crippled Folly

The object of all literature and art  
is to establish relationships  
between time & eternity

That's the only miracle we're trying  
to pull off.

And the laughable poisonous fact is  
that we don't really believe  
eternity exists,

and time (we insist) is nothing  
but an invention of man's  
arbitrary will.

Yet we continue  
with our slithering jokes,  
determined, sweating, panting, ... lying.